



The unlocking of the Good.

Child's Box.

See page 72.



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See page 72.

1 good moral lesson
Martha Brooks 1 Jan 1823.

HOLIDAY PRESENT.

containing
Anecdotes
of
W.^r W.^r Tennell
(and
their Little Family,)

VIZ.

| | | |
|------------------------|---|----------------------------|
| <i>Master George,</i> | [| <i>Miss Maria,</i> |
| <i>Master Charles,</i> | | <i>Miss Charlotte, and</i> |
| <i>Master Thomas,</i> | | <i>Miss Harriet.</i> |

*Interpersed with instructive & amusing
Stories and Observations.*

THIRD EDITION.



L O N D O N :

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To Mr. S. S.

UPON my objecting to the intollerable and generally *uninteresting* nonsense with which most of the books for children are filled, you replied, Then why do not you write one yourself? Why indeed, should I not? thought I to myself; for should I be incapable of affording much *instruction*, I can at

least, keep clear of *corrupting* their minds: and poor indeed must be my imagination, if it will not furnish as good entertainment as the contents of the majority of little volumes for children. I will, therefore, take the first opportunity to sit down and write a *Book*. Accordingly I did, *more than one*, and with infinite satisfaction have heard them commended, by people whose judgment I respect; but who little imagined that the Author was so near them.

Flattered beyond my expecta-

tion, by such undesigned commendation, I have again snatched some few hasty moments to complete another little volume for the amusement of the almost infant part of the species; and trusting, that you will find nothing in it unfit for your little family's perusal, I beg leave, with all humility and affection, to present it to you. If you should discover any passages which you think might have been improved, remember to make candid allowance for the very great haste in which they were written;

my time for such kind of employment being but very scarce, though perhaps you may be led to think otherwise, from my deferring so long to subscribe myself, with all possible respect, and sincere affection,

Your obliged Friend,

and humble Servant,

M. P.

Hampstead.

T H E

HOLIDAY PRESENT, &c.

CHAPTER I.

MR. and Mrs. *Jennet* had six children, three boys, and three girls; the eldest boy's name was *George*, the second *Charles*, and the third *Thomas*, and the girls names were *Maria*, *Charlotte*, and *Harriet*. In this little book I intend to give you some account of each of them; as, I dare say, you will like to read about so many little boys and girls, and know which of them were good, and which naughty.

Mr. and Mrs. *Jennet* were both extremely fond of their children, and took great pains to educate them properly, and make them behave as all little boys and girls should do; but, notwithstanding all their care, Master *Charles* would very frequently give them a great deal of uneasiness, on account of his bad behaviour,

for he was not at all good-tempered, and used continually to be getting into mischief, and quarrelling with his Brothers and sisters. One day when his papa had given *George* and *Tom* an apple, as a reward for having read, and written, and said their tasks very well, he asked for one likewise; but his papa said, No, *Charles*, I shall not give you an apple, I assure you, you have not minded your book, nor your writing; if you had, I would have given you one as well as your brothers; but I will not treat naughty boys the same as if they were good; and if you do not behave better to-morrow than you have done to-day, I shall lock you up in my study, and not suffer you to go to play all day. *Charles* knew that if he said any thing saucy, his papa would certainly punish him; so he held his tongue, though he looked exceedingly cross and out of humour; and when he went into the garden he began to quarrel with his brothers. *George*, said he, give me your apple, for I have as much right to it as you. Indeed, *Charles*, you have not, replied *George*, for my papa gave it

to me, because I was good, and if you had been so, he would have given you one: but I will give you half, if you please; you are very welcome to half, though I cannot spare it all. You *shall* spare it though, said he, for I will have it all. If you say so, *Charles* said *George*, you shall not have any; so will you have half, or go quite without? I will have *all*, replied he. Then you shall not have any, said *George*, and so good-bye to you, and away he ran




whilst *Charles*, who ran after him, but could not overtake him, kept throwing stones at him,

one of which hit his leg, and bruised it very much.

While he was running after *George*, his brother *Tom* passed by, playing with his apple, tossing it up, and catching it again like a ball, *Tom*, said *Charles*, give me that apple! I will give you a bit of it, returned *Tom*, but I cannot spare it all. But you shall give it *all*, said *Charles*, for I *will* have it; and then he ran to him, and tried to get it out of his hand. *Tom* for a good while kept it, by turning it about, and stooping, and putting it in his pocket. At last, *Charles* being stronger and older than his brother, threw him down upon the ground, and took it from him, tied his legs together, and then walked off eating the apple.

Tom was a good-natured little boy, and would not have minded parting with his apple, if his brother had asked prettily for it; but he did not like to have it taken in such a manner, and to have his legs tied: so he could not help crying, and called out, *Charles!* brother *Charles!* pray come and untie my legs.



But *Charles*, like a naughty boy, did not attend to him, but only laughed at what he had done, and ate up the apple, without returning poor little *Tom* one mouthful, though it was his own.

Whilst they were in this situation, *George* came by, and asked *Tom* what he was crying for? I cannot help crying, said he, *Charles* has taken away my apple; but I would not mind that if he had not tied my legs together, so that I cannot walk at all. O! do not cry, my dear, replied *George*, I will untie your legs, and here, you may have my apple, if you please. No, I thank you, brother, said *Tom*, indeed I will not take yours. I do not mind going without an apple, only I do not like to have it taken away as *Charles* took it. Nobody would like that indeed, said *George*; but you shall have a bit of mine, so he took out his knife, and after paring the apple, and taking out the core, gave little *Tom* half.

CHAPTER II.

ALL the conversation which was related in

the last chapter between *George* and *Tom*, Mr. *Jennet* had over heard, as he happened to be walking on the other side of the hedge by which they were standing; and it gave him great uneasiness to find, that his son *Charles* had been such a very naughty boy, not only in neglecting his learning, but likewise so much worse in his behaviour to his brothers; for it was very wicked, you know, to quarrel with them, throw stones, take away little *Tom's* apple, and tie his legs together; and, Mr. *Jennet* thought it very necessary to punish him for such behaviour. He therefore called him, and asked how he came to be so naughty? But *Charles*, instead of acknowledging his fault, and being sorry for it, only said, he did it because he wanted an apple, and should do so another time, unless he had one of his own. Why then, said Mr. *Jennet*, I think it is very necessary you should be prevented from doing so again; I shall, therefore, tie your hands behind you, and your legs together, as you did *Tom's*. *Charles* then began to cry, and beg his papa not to punish him;

Mr. but Mr. *Jennet* told him, that as he thought he deserved punishment, he certainly should inflict it, though he was very sorry to be



obliged to do it. Accordingly he tied his hands behind him, and his legs together, so that he could not walk, and made him continue in that uncomfortable way all day; while *George* and *Tom* were enjoying their liberty, and running about.

CHAPTER III.

MASTER *George*, the last time he had

played at cricket, struck the ball into a ditch, and lost it. As, therefore, he wanted another, he went to his papa to ask leave to go to a shop to buy one. And pray, Sir, said he, may my brother *Tom* go with me? Yes, my dear, replied Mr. *Jennet*, if you will take care of him, and not let him run into the road, and come back again as soon as you have bought your ball. I will take care of him, and come back directly, said *George*; so away he went, and little *Thomas* along with him.

They had not gone far before they met a little girl, not quite three years old, crying and sobbing most sadly. What is the matter, little girl? said *George*. What are you crying for? I want *Will*! said the child, crying so that she could scarcely be understood. Who, my dear, said *George*. I want *Will*! she answered. Who is *Will*? said he. Brother *Will* I want! Where is *Will*? asked *George*. He ran down that lane, and I do not know my way home. *George* then inquired where she lived? To which she replied, at manimys' four



house. And where does your mammy live? She lives at *Daisy-Down*, said the little girl. Well, do not cry, said *George*, but stay here, and I will go and look for your brother. So taking hold of *Tom's* hand, he ran down the lane, through which the little girl told him her brother went, calling *Will! Will!* all the way he ran, for he did not know his surname. At last he found some boys at play. Pray, said *George*, very civilly, is either of your names *Will*? Mine is, replied a boy of about fourteen years old, what do you want? And

pray, said *George*, have you a little sister? Yes, half a dozen, answered the boy, do you want any of them? And where, said *George*, is one about three years old? I left her in the road, said *Will*! Did you so? said *George*, and who is to take care of her whilst you are at play? are you not ashamed to leave such a poor little creature by herself? she is crying enough to make her sick: pray go to her, and either take her home, or else let her be with you, and do not leave her in the road, perhaps she may be run over. I cannot help it if she should! replied *Will*, I shall not go to her till I have finished my play! and if you are afraid she should be lost, pray take care of her yourself! *George* then told him, how naughty it was not to take care of his sister. But he did not regard a word that was said, and after laughing at Master *George* for his concern for his sister, went to play again with the other boys.

George and *Tom* were very sorry to find he would not be prevailed with to help his sister; and when they returned, they found her screaming still more than when they left her

for a great dog was come to her, and was licking her face and hands, not with a design to hurt her, but the poor little girl thought he was going to bite her, and was terribly frightened indeed.



George, who was an exceedingly good-natured boy, could not bear to see her in such distress, and he could not tell how to help her; for to carry her home would take up a long time, and his papa, you know, told him to return directly, so he did not know what to do about it. At last, after thinking a little while, he

determined to take her back with him, and desire his mamma to send her home to her mammy. Come, little girl, said he, I will take care of you! do not cry! I will take care of you! give me your hand, and I will lead you. I am so tired, said she, I cannot walk any farther. Then I will carry you, said *George*, and very good-naturedly took her up in his arms, and walked home as fast as he could; for he had been out longer than he ought to have been, and knew that his papa would wonder that he did not return.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE Master *George* and *Tom* had got home they met Mr. *Jennet* coming to seek for them. *George*, said he, where have you been all this time? did not you promise me you would return directly? Sir, said *George*, I ask your pardon for staying so long; but, I am sure, when you hear what has kept me, you will not be displeased. This little girl we found alone in the road, and I have been trying to comfort her, and send her home.

He then told his papa all that had passed between him and her brother ; which, when Mr. *Jennet* heard, he was not at all angry that *George* had not returned sooner. Well, said he, I am very glad to hear you have been so well employed. I was afraid you had met with some accident, or had forgotten that you said you would return soon ; and that made me uneasy. I should have been extremely sorry, either to have had you hurt, or that you should not have kept your word ; for that would have been still worse, in my opinion, than being hurt ; but you are a good boy, and it gives me great pleasure to see you so. Come, bring your little child home, and we will give her some victuals and drink, and then you shall conduct her to her mother, who, I am sure, will be much obliged to you for the care of her daughter.

George was much pleased to find his father approved of what he had done, and, with great good-humour, carried the little girl all the way in his arms. See, how kind he looks,



wiping her eyes, whilst his brother *Tom* runs by his side, and his papa follows him.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. *Jennet* and her three daughters were in the parlour when Mr. *Jennet* and the two young gentlemen returned.

Miss *Charlotte* was standing at the window folding up a shirt of her papa's which she was making, having just finished stitching on the shoulder straps, and left off work. Look, mamma, said she, there is my papa, and my

brothers: and *George* has a child in his arms. Whom can he have found? I do not know indeed, my dear, said Mrs. *Jennet*, looking up as she spoke. I will go and see, said *Charlotte*, and away she ran, and in her hurry the lock of the door caught hold of her pocket-hole, and tore her frock.

Charlotte was a very good-humoured girl, but was rather too great a romp, and often got herself into disgrace by means of her carelessness; for though her papa and mamma liked to see their children cheerful and merry, yet they did not like to see their little girls quite like little boys, and clambering over gates, and chairs, and tearing their clothes from their backs. It certainly is not pretty for little girls to be so rude; but *Charlotte* was rather apt to forget herself, and not behave always quite so well as her mamma wished her.

I was beginning to tell you of her going to see whom *George* had in his arms when she tore her frock, which she never stopped to look at, when she was first entangled, but ran heedlessly away, by which mean the frock

was torn quite to the bottom. However she did not mind that, but called out to *George*, Who is that, *George*? What little girl is that? O! it is a charming little girl! said *George*, and carried her into the parlour. When he put her down, the poor little thing seeing nobody but strangers, burst out a crying, and said, I want my mammy! I want my mammy! And who is your mammy, my dear? said Mrs. *Jennet*. She is my own dear mammy! replied the little girl. But what is your name? said Mrs. *Jennet*. Little *Nance*, said she. Little *Nance*, is it? said Miss *Maria*: then come to me little *Nance*, and do not cry, and I will give you an orange. I thank you, Madam, said the child, and made a pretty courtesy. You are a good girl, said Mrs. *Jennet*. See, my dear, how good she is; she does not forget to say, I thank you, Madam, for all she is such a poor little girl, and so very young. You, *Charlotte*, though so much older forgot to say so: are you not ashamed that this little child should behave so much better than you do? and see too, how well she

holds up her head ! I am sure she is a charming little girl.

Mrs. *Jennet* then went out of the room, and returned with a large piece of bread and some plums, which she gave to little *Nance*, who again remembered to say, I thank you, Madam, and made another courtesy.

Harriet, who was an exceedingly good girl, and took great pleasure in seeing children behave well, was much pleased with her civility, and asked her, whether she had any playthings ? Yes, Madam, said she, mammy makes me a doll of her handkerchief. And have you no other doll ? asked *Harriet*. No, Madam ! Then I will give you mine. Shall I, Madam ; said she, turning to her mamma as she spoke. Yes, my dear, if you please, said Mrs. *Jennet* ; I like to see you good-natured, and willing to part with your playthings, to please poor little girls who have none of their own. So *Harriet* ran up stairs and fetched her own down : it was dressed in a blue jacket, and black cap, and red shoes ; it was a very nice doll, and *Harriet* was very



kind to give it to little *Nanœ*; and so all children should be, if they wish to have any body love them.

After the little girl had eaten up her bread and plums, she began again to cry for her mammy. Do not cry, my dear, said Mrs. *Jennet*; you shall go to her if you will be good. So she rang her bell, and desired the maid to carry her home to her mother. But Master *George* begged he might go with her, and so did all the young ladies. Mrs. *Jennet*, who never denied them any thing proper to

be granted, gave them leave to go ; but Miss *Charlotte*, whose frock was in so shabby a condition, could not possibly attend them. At first she began to cry, when her mamma told her she might not go ; but she soon wiped up her tears, as she well knew, if she were seen to cry upon such a trifling affair, it would much displease her mamma, and she should certainly be punished. Now, said her mamma, you see the consequence of not taking more care of your clothes. You cannot go out with your sisters. You know, *Charlotte*, you often suffer for it : I wonder you do not take more care. You should have stopped when you found the lock had caught hold of your frock ; but you are very careless indeed ; so now you must take off your frock and mend it. I want to go to play now ! said *Charlotte*. You said I should leave off work when I had done the shoulder-straps. Well, *Charlotte*, replied her mamma, I did let you leave off then, and did not intend you should do any more ; but you have so torn your frock, that it must be mended ; I cannot let you go so in rags. I there-

fore insist upon it, that you go and change it immediately, and come and mend it. *Charlotte* knew that her mamma must be minded, and, therefore thought it was best to do as she was bidden at once, without saying any more about it: so she went up stairs, put on another frock, and then brought the torn one to mend, which she finished before she went to play. Whilst *Charlotte* was thus employed at home, *George*, *Maria*, *Tom*, and *Harriet*, and the maid, went to carry little *Nance* to her mother, who lived at *Daisy Down*, a small village about two miles from Mr. *Jennet's* house. When they came near the place where *Nancy's* mother lived, they met the poor woman (whose name was *Brown*) in great distress, looking for her little girl; for her son *Will* had returned home and told her he had lost little *Nance*: nor could he tell what was become of her. He sat her down only while he went to play, he said, and when he came too look for her she was gone. When poor Mrs. *Brown* heard this account, she was in such distress she did not know what to do with herself. *Will* too

began to be very sorry that he had not taken more care of his sister, and the whole family were in great affliction ; for she was a very good little girl. When Mrs. *Brown* saw her child coming with the Master *Jennets*, she ran to them, and begged to know how they got her ? Master *George* then told all about his finding her, and his wanting to persuade her brother *Will* to take care of her ; but that he could not, and, added he, I would have brought her home at first, but I was afraid my papa would be uneasy at my staying so long, for I knew he expected me very soon.

Mrs. *Brown* thanked him a thousand times for his care of her little girl, and said, she did not doubt but that he would be a good man, as he was so good and kind a boy. She likewise thanked the young ladies for their kindness, and particularly Miss *Harriet* for the doll she had given her *Nance*. They then wished her a good-night, and returned home : and *George* bought himself a ball as he went back. For though that was his business when he first set out in the morning, yet he had been

so busy in taking care of the little girl, that he had not an opportunity of doing it.

When he was in the shop buying his ball, he saw a very good kite, which he asked the price of, and finding he had money enough, he purchased it for his brother *Charles*. *Tom* begged he might carry it home, which *George* gave him leave to do, as he always tried to please every body.

The kite was almost as big as *Tom*, so that when he put it upon his back it quite hid him, and the kite looked as if it walked alone. Look here is the picture of *Tom* going home with the kite upon his back.



CHAPTER VI.

AS soon as they got home, *George* and *Tom* went directly to carry their purchase to *Charles*. Here, said *George*, I have bought you a kite, brother *Charles*: will you be pleased to accept of it? I bought it on purpose for you. Yes, *I will have it!* said *Charles*. I think I never heard such an unpleasant manner of receiving a present in my life. Instead of saying, I thank you brother, I am much obliged to you, but am sorry you have given yourself so much trouble, and put yourself to any expence on my account, to say, *Yes, I will have it.* Could any thing sound more unmannerly, and different to what he ought to have said, in return for his brother's kindness? *Charles* then began to cry again; for you know his papa had tied his hands and feet together; and now, when he saw such a nice kite, he wanted sadly to be at liberty to play with it.

George and *Tom* were very sorry to see him in such a state, and went to their papa to beg him to release him. But Mr. *Jennet*, said, No, my

dear boys, I cannot consent to that: I am very sorry to confine him: I do not like to punish any of you; but if children will be naughty, they must suffer for it. It makes me very uneasy to think that he should deserve it: but I should be as much to blame as he is if I did not endeavour to prevent his being so naughty again. If he will behave as he should do, I will untie him when he goes to-bed.



As Mr. *Jennet* never broke his word, *George* and *Tom* knew it would be useless to urge it any further. Therefore, instead of playing

without doors, and diverting themselves, they went back to sit with *Charles*, who I am sure did not deserve their kindness, in keeping him company, as he only pouted and looked cross, and said, it was owing to them that he was punished, because they would not give him their apples.

George said all he could to persuade him to be good, and ask his papa's pardon; but he would not mind, and only continued cross to every body all day, and very uncomfortable to himself: for people who are out of humour are always uncomfortable and unhappy.

When night came, and it was time for the young gentlemen and ladies to go to-bed, Mr. *Jennet* hoped that *Charles* would acknowledge his fault, and ask to be forgiven; but *Charles*, although he had been in a state of punishment all day, was still not good enough to do that: so Mr. *Jennet* said to him, *Charles*, I see you are determined to be a naughty boy, and as that is the case, I assure you, I am *determined* to make you good; and if you will not be so without punishment, you must be punished

till you are : and unless you will ask my pardon this moment for being so naughty, and giving me so much trouble and uneasiness, you shall go to-bed with your legs tied together, and your hands tied behind you : and so you shall continue all night.

Charles cried sadly when he heard his papa threaten him so much, but still continued naughty, and would not ask forgiveness ; so his papa had him put to-bed, and then went up and tied his legs and arms again, and so he lay all night, and very uneasy he found it. By the time morning came, he was quite tired of his confinement, and began to be sorry he had been so naughty, and wished most heartily he had been good sooner. He could not get up because his legs and arms were tied, but desired one of his brothers to go and tell his papa, that he was sorry he had behaved so.

Mr. Jennet very kindly went up stairs directly to hear what he had to say, which was more than he deserved, as he had been obstinate so long, and therefore had no right to expect to be heard the moment he chose to ask forgiveness.

Charles, when he saw his papa, burst into tears, and said, he would be a good boy, if he would be so kind as to untie him. If you will, said *Mr. Jennet*, I will release you; for it is no pleasure to me to give you any punishment: I wish to see you happy, but you never can be so, unless you are good.

He then untied his hands and feet, and sat by him all the time he was getting up, talking to him, trying to persuade him to be good, and always kind and obliging to every body; at the same time assuring him, if he was naughty, he should certainly punish him the next time with much greater severity than he had now done.

When he was dressed, he let him go down to breakfast, bidding him wipe his eyes, leave off crying, and be a good boy. And indeed his papa was much pleased to find *Charles* begin to be good; for nothing gave *Mr.* and *Mr. Jennet* so much joy as to see their children all good and happy together.

CHAPTER VII.

AS soon as breakfast was over, *Mr. Jennet*

and his three sons went into the study, as the young folk constantly did for four or five hours to read, write, and repeat their tasks ; whilst Mrs. *Jennet*, with the young ladies, spent the same time in the parlour in reading, writing, needle-work, and all their various occupations



Miss *Maria* was working a muslin apron for her mamma, which she did very neatly, and took great pains to keep it clean, as it looks very untidy to have work dirty. Miss *Charlotte*, as was said before, was making a shirt ; and Miss *Harriot* was stitching a pocket for her

sister *Charlotte*; and when that was finished. she was to begin one for herself. She was a very neat little work-woman, indeed every thing she undertook she did extremely well; for she took uncommon pains with herself, and always tried to mind all the instructions which either her parents, or any good friends were so kind as to give her. She never, like some silly children, did those things out of their sight, which she knew they would not approve of if they had seen her; but she very wisely considered, that it was only for her benefit they troubled themselves to tell her what was proper, or what not so; and she, therefore, at all times endeavoured to follow their advice; and this made her improve faster than either of her sisters, and consequently be much more admired and beloved than they were: for though far from being such naughty girls as many are, yet they were not so good as Miss *Harriet*, particularly Miss *Charlotte*, who, in this respect I am now speaking of, used frequently to be very silly. I remember once I was standing in the hall whilst Miss *Charlotte*

and *Harriet* were in the parlour. They did not know any body was near them, and I overheard the following dialogue.



CHARLOTTE. Pray, *Harriet*, while your mamma is out of the room, why do you keep your feet in the stocks? Do you like to keep them so close confined?

HARRIET. No, I do not much *like* it; but my mamma, you know, bade me put them in when I first went to work.

CHARLOTTE. Yes, I know she *bid* you put them in; but now she is gone out of the room

she will not see you. I always take mine out when she goes away.

HARRIET. I know you do, but I think that is very naughty. Do not you consider, that mamma loves us dearly, and only tells us what is right for the sake of making us good and happy; it can be of no advantage to her, I am sure, whether we turn out our toes or not. If we behave ever so ungenteelly, people will not accuse mamma on that account; but they will dislike us very much indeed; as well they may. Beside, I think it is quite wicked not to do what my mamma chuses I should. She is very kind to us, and, I am sure, we ought to mind her, and be good always.

CHARLOTTE. Yes, we *ought* to be good, to be sure; but if we are good when she sees us, I think that is quite enough.

HARRIET. Oh! *he he*, *Charlotte!* I wonder you are not ashamed of saying so! I would not do what my mamma does not like upon any account: that I would not. Besides, you always get into some trouble or other when you behave so: you know, the other day,

when she bade you not touch her knife, that you cut your fingers most sadly by playing when it when she went out of the room; and with you clambered over the rail into the orchard, after she told you not to do it, you know how you tore your stockings and your leg too. Do not you remember it?

CHARLOTTE. Yes, that I do, for my leg is not well yet; neither is my hand that I cut, for it is very sore.

HARRIET. I am sorry you should be hurt; but, indeed, *Charlotte*, you deserve to meet with such accidents, when you will not mind and do what mamma likes, because she does not see you.

Just as Miss *Harriet* said this, Mrs. *Jennet* returned into the room; and Miss *Charlotte*, upon hearing her mamma coming, tried to put her feet into the stocks; but in her hurry she staggered against Miss *Harriet*, threw her off her stool, and finding herself likewise in danger of falling, caught hold of a little table which stood by her; but instead of being able to prevent the accident by so doing, she pulled it no

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down upon herself and sister, and very much hurt and bruised them both : nor were those all the bad consequences which ensued, for Mrs. *Fennet* had just been filling her little ink bottle from a larger one, which she had sat upon the table, and that falling down, had broken, and emptied itself over the young ladies; though, as Miss *Charlotte* had saved her sister's clothes, by falling over them, most of the ink was poured upon herself, and a terrible figure she made when she got up. The ink bottle fell upon her head, so that it ran all down her hair, face and neck, and upon her frock, and then upon her work (her papa's shirt) which she had in her hand.

As soon as *Harriet* could get up she ran out of the room to call somebody to wipe her sister. The maid soon came in, and wiped her as dry as she well could, and mopped up the ink from the carpet; but it left a sad black mark upon the floor, which she could not get off. She then took *Charlotte* up stairs to wash and undress her; but with all her washing she could not possibly make her face and neck clean; the

ink would not come off, and she looked exactly like a tawny moor for a great many days ;



so that (before their papa and mamma told them it was not *good-natured*) her brothers called her sister *Tawny*, and *Charlotte Blacky*.

When she was clean dressed, her mamma called her, and very gravely said, I hope, *Charlotte*, you now see the bad effects of not minding what I say to you. All this mischief which you have done, is owing to your not keeping your feet in the stocks whent I went out of the room, Had you minded my words,

and done your duty by obeying my orders, you would not have been in such a hurry at my return, to put your feet in the proper place : you would neither have thrown down and hurt, either your sister or yourself : you would not have broken the bottle, and wasted all the ink : nor would you have spoiled your papa's shirt, or your own clothes ; but some bad consequence always follows when little children will not mind what is said to them.

I will tell you a history of a little girl I once knew, who used to be guilty of the same fault, and whose sufferings, I hope, will teach you to be more obedient for the future.

The History of Miss POLLY INGRATE.

MISS *Polly Ingrate* was a little girl, whose papa and mamma were very fond of her, and used to take great pains to instruct her in every thing that was proper.

She was but seven years old, therefore it was impossible she should know what was right or wrong so well as her parents ; but though she was so young, still she was foolish enough to

think she knew as well as her friends ; and whenever they told her not to do any thing, she always stood and argued, and said, But why may not I ? What is the reason ? Because it is not proper they would tell her. And then she would argue again, But *why* is it not proper ?

To hear a child argue so, is certainly disagreeable ; as it appears as if they wished not to do as they are advised.

At the upper end of Mr. *Ingrate's* garden there was a fish-pond ; and as children, when at play are apt to run too near the edge of the water, *Polly* was desired never to go beyond a row of trees, which grew in the middle of the garden. But why may not I ? said she. Because I do not chuse you should, said her mamma. But why not ? she asked again. Because, replied her mamma, I am afraid you will go too near the water. No, I shall not, said she, I know I shall not ! I will take great care ! I am sure I will not go too close ! Say no more about it, said her mamma, for I do insist upon it that you never go beyond the trees. Now a good child would have minded

at once, without arguing about it ; but after Mrs. *Ingrate* had so repeatedly told her not to go beyond the trees, it certainly was *extremely* naughty to think of it : however, *Polly* was wicked enough to do it ; and one day, when her mamma was out of the way of seeing her, she went beyond the trees to play at ball. She could play very well, and sometimes caught above a hundred without once letting it fall :



and the day she so naughtily went to play where she should not, she happened to play remarkably well, and had caught it a hundred

and thirty-six times, without once letting it tumble, so that she had been looking up a great while without seeing whither she went : and running to catch it, the hundred and thirty-seventh time, her foot slipped upon the edge of the pond, and in she fell,

When she found herself falling into the water, she recollected all her mamma had said to her, and wished most heartily that she had minded, and not been so naughty : and she screamed out, I will be good ! pray pull me out ! so loud that the gardener, who was digging at some little distance heard her, and ran to help her. He just got time enough to save her, for had he been one minute later, she would have been so low under the water that he could not have seen where she was, nor been able to take her out. She was so frightened and hurt by the fall, that he scarcely knew whether she was alive or dead when he first took her in his arms : however, he carried her in doors, and she was put to-bed, where she was obliged to lay four days before she could get up, having caught a most violent cold by being in the water.

Her papa and mamma were extremely sorry for the accident, and still more sorry to think that she should have been so very naughty as not to mind what they had said to her. They both talked to her a great deal, and tried to *convince* her of the folly and sin of not taking good advice; and she appeared so conscious of her fault, that they were in great hopes she would never be guilty of the same again. But it was not a great while afterwards before she forgot how much she had suffered through the want of obedience, and went into a little dirty



yard, where she had been bidden not to go, as the hogs were kept there, and it was not at all a proper place for a young lady to play in.

One of the sows had a litter of twelve pigs. *Polly* stooped down to stroke them; but the sow, fearing she was going to hurt them, bit her fingers so badly, that one of them was obliged very soon to be taken off. She ran crying and screaming in doors, but was afraid of seeing her papa or mamma, as she knew that she deserved punishment for going into the hog yard after she had been positively forbidden.

Her papa and mamma again endeavoured to convince her of her fault, and told her, that had she minded them, the sow could not have bitten her fingers, as she never went out of her sty and little yard. I did not intend to hurt the pigs, said *Polly*. Very likely not, replied her mamma; your fault was not in *stroking* the pigs, but in going where you had been bidden not to go. That is what I am angry with you for; but I hope the punishment you have met with, from the sow's biting you, will teach

you not to do so, nor *any thing* you are told not to do, any more.

After having suffered twice so very severely from her disobedience, any body would have thought that she would have grown good, and for the future minded every thing that was said to her. But still that was not the case; and she continually kept doing those things out of her parents sight, which she would not have dared to do had they been present. Amongst the rest, one which she was guilty of was eating fruit whenever she went into the garden to play. Her mamma had many times charged her not to pick any, promising her, she should have given to her as much as was proper and good for her health. But notwithstanding all her mamma could say to her, she used, when in the garden alone, (and when every body was in the front of the house, so that she was not seen) to pick the fruit and eat it: the consequence of which was, that she grew extremely sick, and had a terrible pain in her stomach, so that she was obliged to take great quantities of very nasty physic to give

her ease ; but still she was not broken of her naughty trick ; and one day when she was at play in her mamma's chamber (though she had been told over and over again never to go to an open window) she looked out of it, and slipping a little farther than she intended, fell out, and broke her back-bone. At first, when they took her up they thought she was dead ; but she soon came to her senses again, and after laying a great many months in bed, and suffering a prodigious deal of pain, was able to get up ; and after some months were past, could walk about : but she never grew any taller, but continued most shockingly crooked indeed.

She is now a woman, and you cannot think how sadly she looks. She is never well : her back sticks out worse than any thing you can imagine ; and her shoulders are as high as her ears : and all this was the consequence of not minding what had been said to her when her friends were out of sight. And had you, *Charlotte*, continued Mrs. *Jennet*, just now been more hurt by the table's falling upon you,

of her it would have been your own fault for taking
was at your feet out of the stocks, after I had desired
he had they might be kept in. Indeed, my dear, it
go to is not right to behave so. All good children,
, and who love their papas and mammas, will always
d, fell do as they wish them, and strive to deserve
when their favour and kindness by a proper beha-
dead; viour! and how happy should I be, if mine
nd af- would do so. I will! I will! said *Charlotte*
, and crying at the thought of her former folly. I
s able will be good, my dear mamma, and always
past, do as you desire me. Then, said Mrs. *Jennet*,
any I shall love you better than I can express; and
brook- every body will be as fond of *you*, as they are
of your sister *Harriet*. For my part, I shall love
think all my children alike, if they will be all equal-
: her ly good, and so will your papa too, I am sure;
u can for we have no reason to love one better than
s her another, unless they behave better.

f not *Charlotte* listened to all her mamma said
n her with great attention, and promising to behave
you, well, and always do as she was bidden, made
now a courtesy, and walked away.

you,

CHAPTER VIII.


AFTER the Master *Jennets* had finished their studies above stairs, and their three sisters below had done theirs, they all went to play together in the garden; and *Charles*, who was then in good-humour, took his kite, and with the assistance of his brothers, flew it very well.



They were all much delighted to see it mount so high in the air; and there is no saying how long they might have pursued the amusement had not a trifling accident happened, which put a stop to their sport.

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Little *Tom*, who was running as fast as he could, with his head tossed back looking at the kite, and not seeing whither he went, ran with such force against a large tree as knocked him down backwards, and not only stunned him with the fall, but happening to hit his head a violent blow upon a sharp stone, cut so large a wound upon the back of his head, as made it bleed very much indeed. All his brothers and sisters ran to him, and tried to lift him up; but finding he could not stand, they began to think he was dead; and when they saw the blood run, they were all *sure* that was the case.



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George and *Charles* took him up between them, whilst *Miss Maria* walked beside them, holding her handkerchief to the wound in his head to stop the blood, and *Charlotte* and *Harriet* made all the haste they could in doors, calling out *Tom* is killed! *Tom* is killed!—Upon hearing this, *Mr.* and *Mrs. Jennet*, and two or three of the servants all came out together to see what was the matter, and met poor little *Thomas* carried in the manner re-

lated, and his brothers and sisters crying as they brought him in. As soon as ever they saw him they perceived he was only stunned, and not dead.

Mr. *Jennet* took him in his arms, and said, do not cry, my dears, your brother will be better presently, I hope; and having put something to his head to do it good, laid him on the bed, where he had not been long before he began to open his eyes, and speak, and soon afterwards fell asleep, and when he waked was much better, and able to go down stairs to dinner. You cannot imagine how greatly rejoiced his brothers and sisters were to see him so much recovered, for they had all concluded he was dead. When, therefore, they found him well enough to sit and eat a little dinner, they were so delighted they scarcely knew how to express their joy.

CHAPTER IX.

AS soon as dinner was over, *Charles* was in a hurry to go and look after his kite, as he had left it without regarding what became of

it, to help his brother *Tom*, when first he fell down; and was so taken up with the thoughts of him afterwards, that he never looked for it till after dinner, when he saw *Tom* so much better. He went into the garden in hopes of finding it there; but no kite was to be found, nor could he tell whither to go and seek for it, as it possibly might fly a great way after he left it before it fell to the ground. However, he resolved to go the way the wind blew when he flew it, and inquire of all the neighbours, whether it had fallen into any of their gardens? So having asked his papa leave, he set off in search of it. He stopped at several of the neighbours gates, and asked very civilly to go into the garden and look for his kite, and they all very kindly permitted him to go; but no kite could he find. At last, as he was walking on, intending to ask one more lady to let him go into her garden, he saw a great many boys standing together, and as he passed by, turned his head towards them, and perceived they were just beginning to raise a fine large kite; which, upon looking more earnestly at, he



found was his own. He ran directly up to them, and called out, That is my kite ! so pray give it me directly ! for I have been looking for it ! Your kite ? said the boy, who was running with the string in his hand, in order to make it fly, I wonder what made it yours ! I am sure it is my own, and I wonder what made it yours, replied *Charles* ; for, I am sure, it is mine ! That it is not, said the boy ! That it is, answered *Charles* ! and I will have it ! That you shall not, said the boy, for I found it, and will keep it, and not give it to you,

I assure you. You will not? said *Charles*, then I will give you *that*, striking him a blow in the face. O! you chuse to fight, do you Master? replied the boy; if that is the case, I will fight you with all my heart; and immediately he stripped and began.

Charles (who, as has been said before, was not of a good temper) in a most violent passion attacked the boy, who being rather stronger than himself, presently conquered, and beat him most terribly indeed; whilst the blood ran as plentifully from his nose and face, as before it had done from his brother *Tom's* head. At last, with his eyes almost beaten out, and extremely hurt, he begged the boy to leave off, saying, he did not chuse to fight any more; upon which the boy left him; and *Charles* seeing the kite in a little boy's hand, who had been holding it during the battle, ran to it, and in a violent rage drove his hand through it, and tore it all to pieces. *There!* said he, if you will not let me have it, you shall never have it again. Upon *Charles's* offering this violence to the kite, all the boys, who had only

stood and looked on before, immediately began to resent it, and kicked and cuffed, and beat him about till he could scarcely crawl home; whither he was glad to return, as fast as in his miserable condition he could; and had he stayed much longer, it is very probable he might have been killed; for they not only thrashed him, but threw stones at, and pelted him with mud and dirt all the way he went.



CHAPTER. X.

WHEN *Charles* came into the parlour, his

papa and mamma, and all his brothers and sisters, were quite amazed to see him ; both his eyes were swelled as big as eggs, and the blood from his nose had run into his mouth, and all down his chin and throat, and over his waistcoat ; and his coat and hair were all covered with mud ; so that he made a most shocking appearance indeed. What have you been about, *Charles* ? said Mr. and Mrs. *Jennet* ; where have you been to ? and what is the matter with you ? *Charles* answered, I have been fighting with a boy for my kite ! I am so provoked I do not know what to do with myself ! I found my kite : some boys had it, and they would not give it me. I wish I could kill them ! O fie for shame ! said Mr. *Jennet*, is that a proper manner of talking ; because a boy has offended you ? I am ashamed of you indeed, *Charles* ; but pray tell me all about it. How did the boy get the kite ? I do not know how he got it, said *Charles* ; but I am quite positive it was mine, and I told him so, and asked him to give it me directly, but he would not. I am afraid, replied Mr.

Jennet, you did not behave right, and ask for it in a civil, proper manner; if you had, I think he would have returned it. Did you tell him how you lost it! No, not I, (said *Charles*) I told him it was mine, and I would have it; and when he would not give it me I struck him, that was all; and then he thrashed me so unmercifully;—but he will never have the kite again however! I am glad of that! I took care he should not have the pleasure of flying it any more, for I tore it all to pieces, and broke the sticks, and then, like a parcel of cowards, half a dozen boys fell upon me all at once and threw stones and mud at me. I shall not, said Mr. *Jennet*, pretend to justify the behaviour of the boys for throwing stones at you: but indeed, *Charles*, it is entirely your own fault, that you are now in this sad bruised, shabby condition: and had it not been for your own hasty disposition, you might, in all probability, have regained your kite, and saved yourself those blows you have received. How often have I told you never to put yourself in a passion, but to inquire calmly, and good-

humouredly into things before you allow yourself to be angry. Had you followed my advice, and done so now, how much trouble and shame might you have saved yourself: the boy, no doubt, found the kite where it had fallen, therefore, till he met the true owner of it, he was at liberty to keep it. When you, saw him with it, you should civilly have inquired whether he did not find that kite, as you had lately lost it, and should be greatly obliged to him if he would return it. Had you, *Charles*, made use of such kind of expressions, I doubt not but the boy would have returned it; or, had he refused to do so, you might have said, if you think that I am mistaken, and that it is not mine, pray let my papa and brother see it, and they will be able to tell you: for they know my kite. Had you, I say, *Charles*, behaved in this manner, you might have been certain that I would have taken care you should have had your kite again: but to put yourself in a passion, and begin to fight! what could you expect but to be beaten, and disgraced as you are? And



then to *destroy* the kite, was surely the height of folly and indiscretion ; as it is now *impossible* for you to have it restored, even though the boy should be convinced it really was yours. But people who will be so silly, and wicked enough to put themselves in such passions, will always suffer for it : and it is very proper they should : but I cannot help being very sorry, that any of my children should be so naughty : however, you must go and be washed, and cleaned, though you really do not deserve to have any care taken of your

bruises. Had you been hurt like *Tom*, with out being guilty of a fault, I should have been extremely sorry for the pain you sufferd; but now, I think you well deserve it all: and, I hope the miserable condition you are now in, will keep you from putting yourself in a passion, and fighting again.

Charles listened to all his papa said, but it did not seem to have any very good effect; for when Mr. *Jennet* ceased speaking, he muttered out, I am glad I have spoiled the kite however!

Mr. *Jennet* again endeavoured to convince him of the folly of such behaviour. How can you, *Charles*, said he, chuse to act so much like the dog in the manger? and because you could not enjoy the pleasure of playing with the kite yourself, rejoice that nobody else can? I do not wonder that you should be sorry to lose so nice a play-thing, after your brother had been so very kind as to give it you; but when once it is gone, and you have it not, why should you be glad that it cannot be of service to another boy? Indeed, *Charles*, I am much concerned to find you have so bad a disposition.

and, I assure you, that unless you take pains with yourself, to grow more good-tempered, you will always be an unhappy, miserable man; as it is impossible for any persons who are cross, selfish, and passionate, ever to be happy, or make any body love them.

Charles made no reply to what his father said, but went out of the room to be washed and cleaned.

CHAPTER XI.

IN the evening, after the two wounded young gentlemen were gone to-bed, Mr. and Mrs. *Jennet*, Miss *Maria*, and Master *George*, went to take a walk; and seeing a great many boys together, Mr. *Jennet* inquired whether either of them had found a kite that day? Yes, Sir, said one of them, very civilly, I found one this morning. And pray, replied Mr. *Jennet*, what did you with it? Sir, answered the boy, I will tell you. I and my play-fellows were going to fly it, when a boy came, and squalled out, that it was *his*, and he *would* have it; now as I did not know by what right it was his, I said, he



young
 d Mrs. should *not* have it : but, said he, I will ! so I told
 , went him he should not ! and upon my refusing to
 y boys give it him, without telling me that he had lost
 either one, or giving me any reason to think that it be-
 s, Sir, longed to him, more than to myself, he gave me
 ne this a knock in the face ; so then I gave him another,
 r, what and we went to fighting, and I beat him : and
 boy, I after I left off, like a simpleton as he was, he
 ere go- tore and broke the kite all to-pieces ; so that
 ed out, if it really was his own, he can never have it
 ow as I again. It was a thousand pities to spoil it, for
 said, he it was a charming good one. But, said Mr.

Jennet, how came you not to return it when he told you it was his? I would, Sir, answered the boy, if he had asked me civilly, or told me that he lost it; but he demanded it in so insolent a manner, that I assure you, I thought he deserved to go without it; and indeed I did not believe it was his; for I thought if it had been, he would have given an account in what manner he lost it, and not only have said, I *will* have it! Indeed, said Mr. *Jennet*, I cannot wonder at you, for when people will put themselves in a passion, instead of talking reasonably upon any subject, there is no possibility of understanding what they mean. I do not therefore blame you for refusing to deliver the kite, till you were asked civilly for it; but I think you did wrong by fighting about it, I did not want to fight, Sir, said the boy; but I assure you, he began first, and was in such a rage, that I was obliged to beat him, as I would a wild beast, to keep him from doing me some mischief. I am sure I do not like fighting! I would rather by half live peaceably with every body, for I hate quarrelling;

and my father and mother say, it is very wicked. I think so too, said Mr. *Jennet*, and then, after wishing him a good-night returned home.

After they were seated, Mr. *Jennet* took one of the hands of Master *George*, and Miss *Maria* in his own, and said, I hope, my dears, what



you have this afternoon seen and heard, will warn you from ever suffering yourselves to be in a passion. You see how terribly your brother *Charles* is beaten, and hurt, owing to his own violent temper, and because he would not give himself time to talk coolly and reasonably

with the boy, who you find would willingly have given him the kite, had *Charles* asked properly for it. Not only with regard to your play things, whilst you are children, will you be able to manage much better, if you be always calm and good-humoured and patiently wait to hear what each has to say ; but likewise when you are men and women, you will find, that nothing will succeed as you wish, if you suffer yourselves to be so agitated and discomposed when any circumstance happens different to what you like : and once more I will repeat, for you cannot too well remember, that *no one*, whether children, men, or women, can ever be happy who are not good humoured. Here *Mr. Jennet* stopped ; and after *George* and *Maria* had kissed their papa and mamma, and wished them a good night, they made a bow and courtesy, and went to-bed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next morning, Master *Tom*'s head was pretty well, but Master *Charles*'s face and eyes

were very bad indeed, and frightfully he did look : his eyes black, his nose and mouth extremely swelled, and a great cut on one side of his chin, which the point of a nail had torn in one of his falls, while he was fighting ; so that had any little boys seen him, I think they would have taken care never to fight any more, had they ever been so silly before.

They had just breakfasted when a man came to the door with a box upon his head, directed for Mr. and Mrs. *Jennet*. They ordered it to be brought in, and then told the children to try and untie the cord that was round it, which, after a great deal of difficulty, they did ; but then it was locked, and having no key, they looked sadly disappointed, as they were in hopes to have found it open. What shall we do now ? said they. How shall we get it open ? for it is locked, and we have no key ? O ! said Mr. *Jennet*, here is a key, and your mamma has another, so I hope we shall soon open it, and see its contents. *Charles* took the key and opened the box, while they all stood round to see what was in it ; but how were they fur-



prised to find three rods, a fool's cap, and some silver medals, each tied through a hole with a yellow ribbon. On one of them was the following words: *Whoever wears this is a cross child*: Upon another, *Whoever wears this, cannot be depended upon when out of sight*: Upon a third, *The wearer of this has told a lie*: And on the fourth, *This medal is a badge of sloth and idleness*. All the Miss and Master Jennets were much disappointed to find the box contain such disagreeable objects; and all of them looking very grave, turned away, and walked

to their seats. I find, my dears, said their papa, the sight of what the box contains is very disagreeable to you; and, no doubt rods, and such kind of things, must be far from agreeable to any body: for my part, I dislike the sight of them as much as any of you can, and shall be very glad never to be obliged to open the box any more; but it is the duty of all parents to make their children good; and if they will not be persuaded to mind without punishment, it must be inflicted. You may depend upon it, therefore, that these rods, this ridiculous fool's cap, and these medals will be taken out, and used, if any of you render it necessary; otherwise, the box shall never again be unlocked. He then locked it up, and carried it out of the room; but soon returned with another box of the same sort, though much larger than the first. Now, said he, try, my dears, and open that. They were all so disappointed at the contents of the other, that they had no great inclination to open it; but upon their papa's giving them the key, and telling them to do it, they unlocked it,

and lifting up the lid, discovered it to be filled with books, bats, balls, kites, nine-pins, marbles, work bags, housewives, dolls, boxes, and a great variety of pretty things, which I do not now recollect. They soon changed their countenances, and each one smiled at so pleasing a prospect. Well, how do you like the contents of this box? said Mr. *Jennet*. They all replied, they liked them very well. And which, he said, should you chuse to receive some of; what is now before you, or what you saw in the other box? They all again replied, that they should much prefer what they now saw, and never desired to have another sight of the other as long as they lived. Neither do I, replied their papa; and I assure you, it entirely depends upon yourselves, whether it shall ever be opened again or not. If you be good, and behave as you ought, which you all very well know how to do, *this* box (touching the one before them) is the only one that shall ever be unlocked, and, from *this* I will reward you according to your merits; but if you be naughty, and will not mind

what is said to you, I again repeat, that the other *must* be opened, and what is in it applied with great severity.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOR the whole week following the arrival of the two boxes, all the Miss and Master *Jennets* behaved extremely well indeed; so that their papa and mamma thought proper to reward them out of the *good child's box*, as it was called, the other being named the *naughty*



child's box; and as they thought books would not only amuse, but at the same time instruct them, they gave each of them a book. To Master *George*, they gave one intitled *William Sedley*: to Miss *Maria*, the *Adventures of a Pincushion*: to *Charles*, the *Careful Parent's Gift*: to *Charlotte*, the *History of Femima Placid*: to *Harriet*, the *First Principles of Religion, adapted to the infant Mind*: and to *Thomas*, the *History of a great many little Boys and Girls*: all of them very pretty, entertaining, instructive books, very well worth your reading, and sold by Mr. *Marshall, Aldermary Church-Yard*, and by all the booksellers. This particular direction is given, in case any good little children should wish to read them, and not know where to buy them; and, no doubt, their papas and mammas will willingly assist them in the purchase, if they will take pains with their reading, and mind the good advice which is given in those pretty books.

All the Miss and Master *Jennets* were exceedingly well pleased with their different books, and after thanking their parents in a

handsome manner went to read them. As soon as they had read them through, and looked at all the pretty pictures in their own, they lent them to each other, and, by that means, had the pleasure of seeing *six* entertaining books a-piece; and indeed it employed them several days, before they could read them through. After they had enjoyed this amusement for four days, and all had very good-humourly lent them to one another, whenever desired to do so; *Charles*, who seldom continued good long together, began to grow naughty again; and when his sister *Harriet* desired him to lend her his book, he very rudely, and crossly refused, and said, *No, indeed, I will not.* Are you going to read it, brother *Charles*? said *Harriet*. If you are, I do not desire it; but if you are not making any use of it, I should be much obliged to you for it, for a little while, and you shall have it the moment you want it. But, although *Harriet* spoke so very prettily, he only answered, That she should not have it! and though he was not reading it now, he could

not tell how soon he should! besides, whether he read or not, he liked to keep it in his own pocket, and she should not have it at all. Mr. *Jennet* did not interrupt him till he had done speaking, and then he said, *Charles*, you know I always keep my word, and never promise what I do not perform. I told you if you were good, you should be rewarded with something out of the *good child's box*, and accordingly I gave you a pretty book, because you had been good for some days. I likewise told you if you were naughty, you should be punished, and I now must keep my word. I am sorry to be obliged to unlock the *naughty child's box*; but your behaviour makes me do it. Mr. *Jennet* then took the key out of his pocket, and fetched in the medal which had the words upon it, *Whoever wears this is a cross child!* and tied it with the yellow ribbon round *Charles's* neck. He cried sadly at having it put on; and to be sure that is not to be wondered at, as it looked extremely ridiculous to see a yellow ribbon round a boy's neck, and a bow, and long ends hanging upon his coat down his back, and

a medal bobbing about under his chin with such disgraceful words upon it: but, as he had been so cross to his sister, it was proper he should be punished. All his brothers and sisters looked very grave when they saw it put on: indeed some of them could not help shedding tears upon the occasion, as they were all very fond of each other, and did not like to see one another in affliction: they asked their papa to take it off; but, after again telling them how necessary it is to punish children when they are naughty, convincing them that he must not break his word, and praising them for their affection to their brother, he insisted upon its being worn all day.

Charles was quite ashamed of walking about, for every body who saw him took hold of the medal, and read the inscription upon it. Some people said, There's a *cross boy*! Do not go near him! Others said, That boy deserves to be whipped! So that he found he was laughed at, and despised by every one who saw him, and most heartily sorry he was that he had behaved so.



In the afternoon, some gentlemen and ladies drank tea with Mr. and Mrs. *Jennet*; and *Charles* felt so exceedingly ashamed when he came into the room, that he did not know which way to look. As soon as he made his appearance, not knowing at first what it was, they all inquired why he chose to wear so much yellow ribbon round his neck? But when they were close enough to read the words upon the medal, they begged he would not come near any of them, as they all greatly disliked *gross* people. *Charles* was so mortified at the dis-

grace, that he could not help crying all the time he was in the room; and very early desired leave to go to bed; and upon his promising not to behave so any more, and acknowledging he was sorry for his fault, his papa took off the medal, and permitted him to retire.

When *Saturday* came, and they all had been very good, excepting *Charles* one day, that he was naughty about lending his sister the book, Mr. and Mrs. *Jennet* again opened the *good child's box*, and took out of it a bat and cricket ball for *George*; a very pretty flowered work-bag for *Maria*; a doll for *Charlotte*; a battledore and shuttlecock for *Harriet*; a kite for *Thomas*, and as *Charles* had been much better than usual, excepting that one day when he was punished, they were so kind as to give him an orange; telling him at the same time, that they were very sorry he had, by his behaviour, forfeited a more valuable reward; but, as he had been good some days, he should not go quite unrewarded from the *good child's box*; and they hoped by the next week he would gain something better. After having seen the

bad consequences of being naughty, not only as it produced punishment, but likewise as it was the cause of going without some pretty play-thing at the end of the week, it never could have been thought, that any of the Miss or Master *Jennets* would again be silly, and occasion the displeasure of their parents; but I am sorry to say, some of them stood in need of repeated chastisements. Miss *Charlotte* was apt to be very silly, and one day, she, *Harriet*, and little *Tom*, had been to take a walk in the field behind the house with the maid; and Miss *Charlotte*, instead of walking in the path, ran all over the field, in the very dirtiest parts she could find out. The maid desired her not to do so: but instead of minding, she only tried to persuade her brother and sister to do so too; but they, like very good children, stopped the moment they were desired. Upon which *Charlotte* laughed at them, and called them *tender chickens!* and *foolish gossins!* to mind what the maid said; and not only ridiculed their proper behaviour, but likewise made faces at Mrs. *Deborah* (the maid) and flung dirt at her.

When they got home, Mrs. *Jennet* asked *Deborah* how she happened to go out in so dirty a gown and cloak, as in general she looked very tidy and clean? I did not go out so dirty indeed, Madam, said *Deborah*; but Miss *Charlotte* did it. How did *Charlotte* do it? inquired Mrs. *Jennet*. She then told the whole affair, and how sadly Miss *Charlotte* had behaved, and that she wanted to make her brother and sister as bad as herself; but they were very good, and did not mind her. If that is the case, replied Mrs. *Jennet*, I think she behaves as if she had not common sense: the fool's cap will therefore be the properest head dress she can wear. *Charlotte* began to cry, and beg it might not be put on; but her mamma said, you know, *Charlotte*, if you will be naughty, you must be punished; and if you did not chuse punishment, you would not be guilty of such things as deserve it. Indeed, mamma, I do not chuse it, said *Charlotte*, pray do not put it on! You cannot expect, replied Mrs. *Jennet*, that I should break my promise, if I did, I should be still naughtier than you are;

and you know very well that I have told you, if you *will* be naughty, you *shall* be punished. She then unlocked the *naughty child's box*, and took the fool's cap, and placed it upon *Charlotte's* head. The cap was made something in the shape of a sugar loaf; and had two long ears, like asses ears, sticking up from the sides: it was painted red, blue, green, yellow, scarlet, and black; with bits of coloured ribbons streaming from it, and in the middle of the front, was the picture of a naughty child



crying; so that, you may think, it looked ex-

remely ugly and ridiculous. Miss *Charlotte* screamed so loud when it was put on, that her mamma threatened to tie up her mouth, and took out her handkerchief for that purpose ; but *Charlotte* left off, so she put it in her pocket again. When dinner was ready, Mr. *Jennet* was quite shocked to see his daughter with so frightful a cap on her head ; nor could her brothers and sisters, or the servants, keep from looking at it, to see how strange and ridiculous it looked. After dinner she again begged it might be taken off. Her mamma told her it should, when she had been to *Deborah*, and asked her pardon, told her she was sorry she had behaved so badly, and promised not to do so any more. *Charlotte* did not like the thought of asking pardon ; but when she found her mamma would not take it off, unless she did, she went out of the room, saying, she would go and ask *Deborah's* pardon. Instead of which, she only went up stairs into her own room for a few minutes, and then returned, and asked her mamma to take the cap off. Have you then, asked *Deborah's* pardon ? aid Mrs. *Jennet*.

Yes, Madam, I have, said she! Only think how extremely wicked it was to say so, when she knew she had not! Mrs. *Jennet* likewise knew she was telling a fib, for she had heard her go up stairs, and the maid was all the time below. Mrs. *Jennet* then said, *Charlotte*, how dare you be so very wicked and naughty, as to tell such a fib? I thought you said, you did not like punishment; but you must now be punished with very great severity indeed. I am quite ashamed of you, and do not know when I shall ever depend upon you again; but though you tell lies, I shall not, I assure you; but shall punish you as I always said I should, if you spoke any thing which was not true. She then again opened the *naughty child's box*, and took out one of the three rods which was in it, and the medal that had the words, *The wearer of this has told a lie*. Then taking hold of *Charlotte*, she tied the medal round her neck, and led her into another room by her herself, where she whipped her as much as she deserved, for being so wicked a girl; and that, you know, was a great deal, so that she was most terribly punished indeed.

Mrs. *Jennet* then returned into the parlour, and found all the children crying for their sister. I do not at all wonder, my dears, said she, to see you cry; I can scarcely keep from it myself, I love all my children, and am extremely sorry that any of them should suffer pain and uneasiness: you may, therefore, well be concerned, that she has undergone so great a degree: and another cause sufficient to cry for, is, the thought of her having been guilty of so wicked a thing as deceit and lying; but I hope she will never be so naughty again. Mrs. *Jennet* then fetched *Charlotte* into the room, (for she had left her by herself for a few minutes after she had corrected her) and she remained in the parlour all the rest of the day, with the fool's cap upon her head, and the medal round her neck: neither would her mamma suffer her to speak a word to any of her brothers and sisters, for fear she should teach them to be as naughty as herself, saying, if she did not make the proper use of her tongue which was speaking the truth, she should not use it at all; so, you may be sure, she spent

a most miserable, unhappy afternoon. At last, bed time came, and her mamma was then so kind as to let her go to-bed, though, indeed, children who tell lies do not deserve a bed to sleep upon, or blankets to keep them warm ; but Mrs. *Jennet* was in hopes, as she appeared very sorry for her faults, that she would never be guilty of the same again, and therefore permitted her to go to-bed. But the thoughts of her crime was so much in her head, that she could sleep but very little all night ; and the disgrace she was under, made her mind exceedingly uneasy indeed, so that she only laid and cried, and sincerely repented that she had been so very naughty.

CHAPTER XIV.

AS soon as ever she was up in the morning she went to *Deborah*, and asked her to forgive her, for the rudeness she had been guilty of to her whilst she was walking in the field. She then went into her mamma's room, and most earnestly begged, that she and her papa would



pardon her, promising never to commit the same fault for the future. Mr. and Mrs. *Fennet*, seeing she was sensible of the wickedness and folly of the crime she had committed, after talking a great while to her, and convincing her of the bad consequences of deceit and falsehood, telling her that nobody would ever depend upon her, or believe what she said, and also that it was extremely wicked, and would certainly make her very miserable: at last kissed her, and let her go down to breakfast: but still they behaved very gravely to her, for it was impos-

sible to have as good an opinion of her, as if she had not been so naughty. She was, herself, very uneasy at the thoughts of her folly; and endeavoured, all in her power, to make amends by being very good, and doing every thing she was bidden, which, to be sure, was the only way to regain the love of her friends. But, still it was impossible to *untell* the falsity she had spoken; nor could she be so much depended upon afterwards as if she had not told it. When *Saturday* arrived, all the young folk waited with great patience, though they thought the time rather long, till the *good child's* box should be opened, and when it was unlocked, Master *George* had another book, a small *History of England* given him; Miss *Maria* a very handsome fan; Master *Charles* a set of nine pins; Miss *Harriet* a set of doll's tea-things; and Master *Thomas* a bag of marbles; but Miss *Charlotte*, who had during the week, been so extremely naughty, had not any one thing given her, not even so much as an orange or an apple. She was, you may be sure, sadly mortified, to be obliged to go without, though

she could not but acknowledge she did not deserve any, and all the others were much delighted with their presents.

The example of *Charlotte's* punishment had so good an effect upon them, that all, excepting *Charles*, took care never to deserve the same: neither was Miss *Charlotte* ever guilty of telling another lie. Little *Thomas*, at one time, neglected his book for a few days, so that he was obliged to wear the medal which was the *badge of idleness and sloth*; so, excepting that, Mr. and Mrs. *Jennet* never had occasion to unlock the *naughty child's box* for any of their children but *Charles*; who, notwithstanding all the pains that were taken with him, and all the encouragement he met with when good, would frequently be very naughty, and was so bad as to oblige his papa to use, not only all the disgraceful medals and fool's cap, but also the rods upon him. All his brothers and sisters, when they grew up, were very worthy men and women, comfortable to themselves, and beloved and admired by every body who knew them. Whereas *Charles*, from the bad-

ness of his disposition, and cross, disobliging temper, was despised, and shunned by all mankind; nobody liked to be in company with him, and even his brothers and sisters went but seldom to see him; though they would have gone with all their hearts, if he would but have been kind and civil to them; but instead of being so, he was so quarrelsome, that they never knew how to please him, or not give offence. In short, he was a most miserable unhappy man, and passed all his time extremely uncomfortably, without being beloved by any one person in the world. He lived by himself, for no one chose to live with him; nor could he ever get servants to stay with him above a month at a time; neither did any of his neighbours visit him, because they did not chuse to keep company with so bad a tempered person. His sad behaviour gave the greatest uneasiness to his parents, and they would certainly have died of grief, had they not been comforted by the very different conduct of his brothers and sisters, who by their kind and dutiful behaviour, gave them great

satisfaction and joy; and, by their constant attention to every thing their father and mother liked, repaid that pains and care they had taken of their education. It is much to be wished that all children, who read this history, will learn to imitate the good Miss and Master *Jennets*, and if ever they have been naughty before, it is to be hoped, that, like Miss *Charlotte*, they will repent, and be sorry for their crimes, and take care never to be guilty of the same again; lest they should at last come to be as unhappy and miserable as Master *Charles*! which, they may depend upon it, they will be, if, like him, they neglect to mind what is said to them.

I hope, therefore, the little child who is now reading this pretty book, will remember, and always take pains to be good.

T H E E N D.